The Gold Winglet Gets Real [Chapter 1: The Gang Plays Truth-or-Question]

generalgoblin7

Roc: SkyWing
Kobicha: MudWing
Needle: SandWing
Parrot: RainWing
Sharptooth: NightWing
Crest: SeaWing
Tundra: IceWing

CHAPTER 1: The Gang Plays Truth-or-Question (PART 1/2)

The silence in a room full of friends at two O'clock in the morning was almost deafening. Unspoken words lingered in all their minds, but nobody wanted to be the one to say them out loud.

If I ignore it, it'll go away, Roc thought to himself. He didn't want to think about what everyone was thinking about. Not yet.

The seven of them were together in their favorite hangout at Jade Mountain Academy, sitting close and savoring. What had always been a place of relaxation and stupid, youthful fun now held a heavy, solemn air that weighed on the dragonets'—soon to be dragons—shoulders.

Tundra, who always adamantly insisted on having a wide berth of personal space, was now pressed closely to Crest. Their tails were thrown over each other, but not as intimately twined as Needle and Parrot's.

The SandWing and RainWing had been inseparable the for the past week and it was nearly impossible to tell where one tail began and the other ended. Parrot had his head laid across Needle's back, soaking in her warmth and letting a soft pink tint his scales. Needle had her wing draped across him, dozing.

Sharptooth, as always, had his nose in a scroll. But although his eye were fixed on the words in front of him, they weren't looking at them. His claws tapped rhythmically on the stone floor, creating the only hint of noise in the room.

Kobicha rested his head on the low table they were all gathered around, taking deep breaths. Sitting close beside him, Roc restlessly let his eyes wander around the room, setting them on anything but the other dragons. He shuffled his wings and fidgeted with his talons. He wanted to scream. He wanted to blast a great ball of flame and run away until legs could carry him no longer.

On accident, he looked at Crest.

Crest looked at *him*. Their gaze locked, and a silent conversation was spoken.

Do something, Roc's eyes said, desperate and afraid.

Crest's violet eyes were level and calm as they answered, *You know that's always been* your *job*.

Roc squeezed his eyes shut. She was right. The silence between all of them was a noose, and it would only grow tighter. He took a deep breath and spoke before he could stop himself.

"You know," he said. All at once, everybody looked at him with undivided attention, as thought they'd been waiting for this to happen. It took Roc aback, and he felt his throat grow dry. He'd never be so scared to speak to them. He'd never had something so important to say.

He gulped and looked down at the table, then continued. "We...never really finished that, uh, game of truth-or-dare."

He glanced back up at Crest, but he couldn't the SeaWing's expression.

“He's right,” Needle said after a moment's silence. She had been on the cusp of slumber only a moment ago, but neither she nor Parrot had ever looked more awake. “What even happened to that?”

Sharptooth snorted is trademark deep, jaded snort. “I believe *somebody* set our game pieces on fire.”

“I wonder who that was,” Kobicha said, tapping on his chin and looking straight at Needle. She only shrugged and stuck her tongue.

The familiar banter was all Roc needed to ease his spirits. “We should really finish that game, guys. I've been in suspense for, like, ever.”

“Does the game ever really end?” Parrot said vaguely.

Crest jumped in quickly, higher energy than usual. “Here's an idea,” she said. “Let's play truth-or-question instead.”

Roc cocked his head. “That's just...the same thing without the dares. As in, the most fun part.”

Beside him, Kobicha hummed in thought. “I think she's onto something.” He gave Roc a significant look. Roc gave him back a confused look.

“It's an unholy hour and I don't know what we're all still doing up,” Tundra groaned, dragging her talons down her face. “We should just go to bed. Why haven't we done that yet?”

They all knew the precise reason why without saying it.

“I think playing truth-or-question right now in the wee hours of the morning a fantastic idea,” Needle said. Parrot nodded and murmured an agreement.

“Sounds lame, but I'm IN!” Roc yelled, slamming his talons down in the table.

“I am also in,” Kobicha said in a calmer fashion, smiling pleasantly.

Sharptooth shook his massive head. “Prior experience leads me to the conclusion that, no matter how much sense it makes to not play, I'm going to be forced into it anyways.”

All eyes turned to Tundra. She raised a brow. “Sharptooth has a point. Very well, let us play this silly juvenile game.”

Roc clenched a talon and said passionately, “I *live* for silly juvenile games. So who's going first?”

“Whoever can hold their breath the longest!” Needle said immediately. She quickly sucked in a gulp of air. Parrot gently tapped her on the shoulder and pointed at resident MudWing and schoolwide breath-holding champion, Kobicha.

She looked over at him.

Resident MudWing and schoolwide breath-holding champion Kobicha waved.

Needle let her breath go. “Ah, right. Okay...everybody pick a random number. Three!”

“Negative eight billion,” said Roc.

“Ninety-two,” Kobicha said.

“Four,” Tundra said.

Crest raised her talon. “Can I also pick three?”

Needle shook her head.

Crest frowned. “Fine. Seven, then.”

“Zero,” Parrot said.

“Pi,” Sharptooth said. “What's your algorithm?”

Needle tilted her head. “Whoever has the highest number goes first, then we go in a circle. Is that your or Kobicha? Cause Pi sort of goes on forever.”

“Sharptooth,” Crest said. “Forever is bigger than ninety-two, after all.”

“Not necessarily,” Parrot said slowly. “Forever is infinite and so it's everywhere, which means it's also everything, and therefore nothing.”

“Kobicha's number is bigger--” Sharptooth began.

“In what regard, though?” Crest said. “Are these number quantitative?”

“ALL NUMBERS ARE QUANTITATIVE!” Sharptooth shouted. “Look, I'm the best at math, and I say ninety-two is the biggest number!”

Roc shook his head. “That's so inside-the-box of you, my dude. Have you ever thought about if ninety-two even *wants* to be the biggest number?”

“Can you not make this complicated?” Sharptooth growled.

“Um, you're the one who made it complicated by picking pi, you huge nerd,” Needle said. “Everyone else chose good old fashion integers. But nope, you just had to remind everyone that you're the smart one and choose the fancy circle number!”

“This is stupid,” Tundra sighed. “This conversation is taking entire *years* off my lifespan.”

Kobicha raised his talon. “Proposition! Since Sharptooth decided to show off and waste our time, he should go first! All it favor?”

A chorus of “aye”s sounded throughout the room. Kobicha slapped his tail on the floor. “Motion carried!”

Heeeeere's Genny~!

The Gold Winglet Gets Real [Chapter 1: The Gang Plays Truth-or-Question]

cleverdragon364

I am SO PUMPED for this. I love Roc and Sharptooth and Tundra and Kobicha *so much*, and I cannot *believe* I ever forgot about Crest because I adore her too, and Parrot and Needle are adorable and I had forgotten about them but now I am suddenly blasted with memories. I especially love all the relationships between the characters, and you've conveyed them very well in the dialogue. Brilliant work as always and I eagerly anticipate the next installment!

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***Clever,** A Very Clevery Guy* ❤❤❤
[exits, pursued by a bear]
bringing you cool good posts: Dec. 2014 - March 2019
appreciating and supporting you: today - forever!!!!

The Gold Winglet Gets Real [Chapter 1: The Gang Plays Truth-or-Question]

generalgoblin7

CHAPTER 1: The Gang Plays Truth-or-Question (PART 2/2)

The Gold Winglet students took a moment to resettle themselves around the table. Before long, they were playfully elbowing each other and making faces across the table like they weren't all lamenting the situtaion three minutes prior.
Sharptooth cleared this throat. “Alright, so do I just asked a question to anyone?”
Crest nodded. “That's right. Then whoever sits to your left—so that's me—gets to go next, and so on."
Sharptooth rolled his eyes. “I swear, you people get way too into this...Parrot!”
Parrot turned and blinked at the NightWing. “Yes?”
“What's your favorite color?”
Parrot tilted his head. “Hm...yellow.” He shook his head. “But not bright yellow. More like a soft, light yellow.” The corners of his mouth twitched upwards. “Mm. That's my happy color.” The very same color he described blossomed across his face and chest as he spoke.
“My turn,” Crest said. A wide grin stretched across her face as she looked at the IceWing next to her. “Tunny-hunny, where do you see yourself in five years?”
Tundra flared her nostrils. “One,” she said, raising a claw, “never ever call me that again. Two...” She lifted her snout up. “I see myself standing triumphant over the dead ambitions of my enemies.”
Needle frowned. “Isn't that kind of mean?”
“You're absolutely right,” Tundra said. “I'll suppose settle for an accountant. My turn--Sharptooth, why did you

chose pi when Needle asked for numbers?"
The hulking NightWing groaned. "Are we really not letting this go? Okay--listen, everyone look me in the eye." Sharptooth found a flaw in his plan when he realized that he couldn't look at six dragons at once, but he tried his best to do it anyway. He narrowed his eyes and continued. "I said pi because I truly believe in the depths of my psyche that you all expected and wanted me to say it."
Everybody sort of awkwardly looked away and mumble in agreement.
"He's right," Parrot said. "Sharptooth's hat is the biggest, so if he doesn't wear it, something would seem really wrong."
Roc raised his talon. "My turn for a question. Parrot, what in the name of the moons does that mean?"
Parrot shrugged. "We all fall into a common archetype, but Sharptooth is the most obvious about it. He's the brainy one—uses big words and obscure numbers like pi, even when it's super unnecessary. Everybody else has a hat, too, though."
"...What's my, erm, hat?" Roc asked.
Parrot regarded him, and a thoughtful orange tinted his scales. "Hm. You're the brave and impulsive one. The heart of our little winglet. Of course, that's just a front to hide your crippling insecurities. The rest of us also do that. I think that's what I mean by hat—the persona we hide behind."
As Parrot blinked lazily and look at Roc, everybody else was looking at Parrot. A dreadful sort of feeling weighed in their stomachs.
"Guys," Crest said slowly, "I know we're in the middle of Truth-or-Question, but..." she trailed off, looking at Roc.
Roc gulped. He squeezed his eyes shut and took a deep breath. Then, he slammed his talons on the table.
"All right!" he declared. "We graduate tomorrow, and who knows what happens after that? The seven of us have put up with each other for three years, and I think it's about time we all have a heart-to-heart. Make yourselves comfortable, cause we're not leaving until all of us have dissected each other's innermost thoughts and feelings." He cut his talon through the air. "No secrets, no shame. We'll start with Sharptooth!"

This is going on for quite a few parts. In this story, I want to look at the Gold Winglet dragons and what makes them tick. From here on out, the chapters are pretty much going to be the Gold Winglet Gang taking turns grilling each other about their darkest secrets. Loosely, the order will go:
Sharptooth
Crest and Tundra
Parrot and Needle
Roc and Kobicha
Epilogue (maybe)

I can't promise the chapters will be very long, but I want to try and give each character some time in the sun.

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Heeeeere's Genny~!

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crimsonheatwave42

Wow these guys are as bad at making decisions as...
Most governments really

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>)(<Crimson>)(<
Son of Justice
*Speak softly and carry a **big stick**.*

El Amigo

Please** just **be okay...

Foolizh autocoreect

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generalgoblin7

Thank, Clever! I've missed these guys as well!

Crimson, bad decisions are half the things they do.

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Heeeeere's Genny~!

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phoenixdragon1690

bookmark

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Such is the path of a dreamer: I find my way by moonlight.

~Oncilla~

Queen of Non Sequitur, Bookwyrms, Pangolins, and Bones

Trash Squad, Werewolf, GASTER FOLLOWER

Writer, roleplayer, nerd

WoFMBer Dec. 2014-Mar. 2019

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